READERS EXCHANGE

Alexander Campbell puts true piety in the soul's adoration of God, not in words or ceremonies. A man in the 16th century said almost the same thing with regard to the Romish Church and its ceremonies. He was put in prison, later recanted, sentenced to life, and died in 1695. – *Darrell Bolin, Lock Haven, Pa.*

Since I left the Roman Church I have had a "catholic" bias in theology. I am impressed with the truth and beauty of primitive catholic belief, witness and worship as reflected in second century Christianity. When I speak of restoration, it is the apostolic power and unity of this early stage of church that I have in mind. I love religious music, especially early chants, plainsong, antiphony, and some of the later polyphonic choir music. – *Phillip Kight, 76th Army Band, APO New York 09227*

Please keep on with the "Word Abused" series. This is one of the biggest problems for sheep hungering for pure food. It is terribly frustrating for those in the Church of Christ who really do study. – *Carolyn Hinson, Gainesville, Florida*

The Kenwood Church is a merged church (1969) with half independent instrumentalist and half Disciples background. I'm sorry there was not a group of Church of Christ people thrown in. However, we have just recently had some join with us and they are making a good contribution to our efforts. – *Bill Rector, 6200 S. Third, Louisville, Ky. 40214*

Your writings are very interesting to me. Especially your travel notes and Changing World. I have not traveled too much out of the state of Indiana and have always been interested about news of the brotherhood. I can only say keep up the good work. – *Noble Brinegar, Rt. 14, Bloomington, In.*

You may do more good than you realize by sharing this journal with others like yourself. Many of our most appreciative readers were introduced to us by someone like you, who was thoughtful enough to share. We make it economically feasible for you to do this. Send us five or more names at 1.00 each and we will send them the paper for an entire year. Nearly all of you know others who would be challenged by what we have to say. "You are our epistles" in this regard, for we have only our readers as witnesses to the value of our ministry. Please consider this prayerfully. Send subs to *1201 Windsor Dr., Denton, Texas 76201.*

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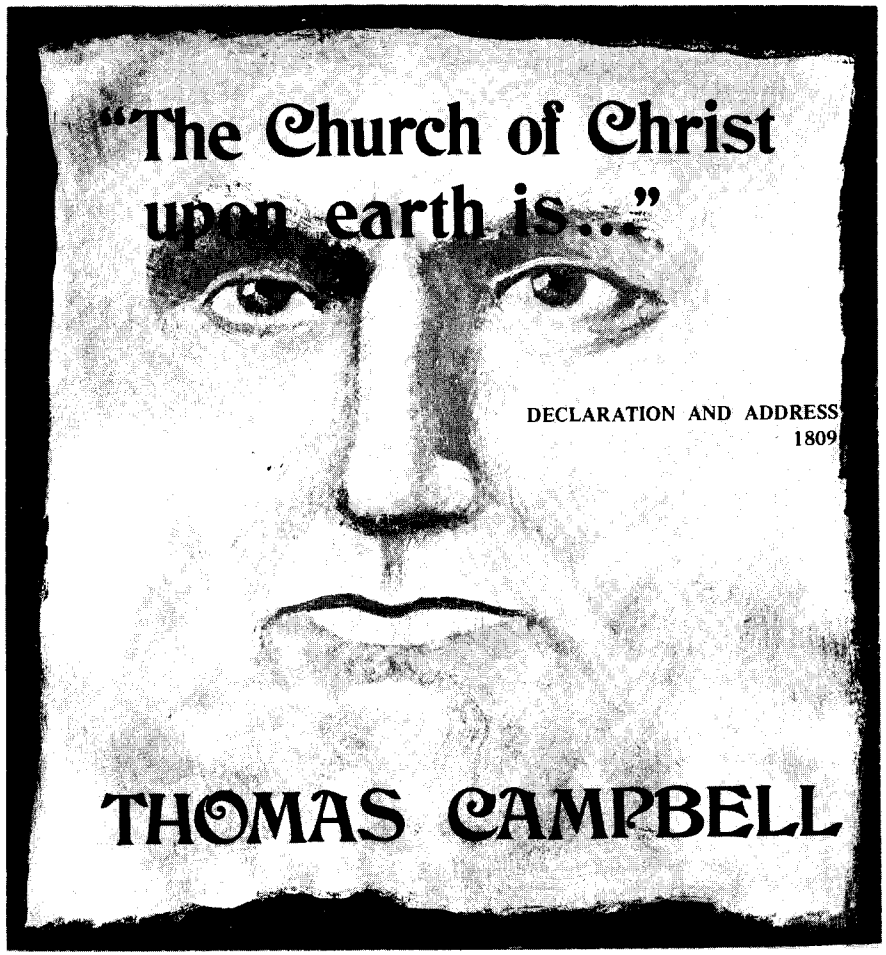
Campbell's Declaration of Independence

RESTORATION REVIEW

Leroy Garrett, Editor

March, 1976 Vol. 18, No. 3



The Word Abused . . .

LET'S REMOVE THE CONTROLS – NOW!

These paragraphs are inspired in part by that cry of Moses to Pharaoh, *Let my people go!* But also by that wise saying from Cervantes, the author of *Don Quixote:* "By the streets of 'by and by' one arrives at the house of 'never'." It took 40 years of tough discipline from the Lord before Moses was ready to go before a king and demand freedom for an enslaved people. And had not Cervantes been a slave in the hands of pirates and lost an arm in combat he would not likely have cultivated that sense of urgency that the quotation reflects.

Pharaoh was deft in handling Moses' demands. Once he saw he had to concede, he suggested that the Hebrews go, *but not far.* Having to concede still more, he bargained that they go but without children and cattle. Then comes those powerful words from the deliverer, *Not a hoof shall be left behind!* All controls had to be removed – and now! It was a great hour in the history of God's people. But it always is when they turn toward freedom.

Cervantes not only had the talent to burlesque the exaggerated claims of chivalry but also to expose the phoniness of the presumptuous. He saw the fallacy of honor without sacrifice and victory without struggle, and he was bored by empty talk. It is one thing to talk of freedom, but another thing to do something about it. There is no shortage of people who give lip service to the cause of unity of all believers, but actions are something else. Somewhere down the line, "by and by," they may do something, but not now. Such ones, Cervantes assures us, are certain to land at the house of *never.* That pleases those that man the System, who have their vested interests, for they don't want anything much to change, except *by and by.* Talk is OK, but action? Not now.

C.S. Lewis dramatises this demonic device in his *Screwtape Letters.* Screwtape is advising the less experienced devil, Wormwood, on how to handle his client when he has all those noble impulses to do good and to change his life. Screwtape calls for shrewdness. Wormwood is not to discourage the man's inclination to commitment, but only to suggest that he need not do so *now.* Satan well knows that "by and by" means *never.*

One sees this in putting together a unity effort. Everybody is for unity. They all talk of the need to get together and pray for the oneness of God's people. Nobody is against studying together and seeking solutions. Unity is one of those things we all praise in one way or another. But getting people to do something about it is something else. How about attending? Will you lend your support? What about exchanging views with a Christian Church brother and let the audience question the two of you? When it comes to this sort of thing, the *talkers* had rather live in the house of *never* and opine about how someday they might – in the sweet by and by. If

Address all mail to: 1201 Windsor Dr., Denton, Tx. 76201
RESTORATION REVIEW is published monthly, except July and August, at 1201 Windsor Drive, Denton, Texas, on a second class permit.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Individuals – $2.00 a year, or two years for $3.00; in clubs of five or more (mailed by us to separate addresses) $1.00 per name per year.

Moses had been of that mind, the Hebrews would never have left Goshen. When it comes to the great issues, the *now* is imperative.

This journal's purpose is not only to help in that Movement that seeks to chip away at the cruel partisan walls that separate us as brothers, but to call for a removal of those controls that bind our people to a legalistic religion. We want the controls removed *now.* We want change *now.* Freedom and unity *now,* rather than by and by. Let our people go! Let them be free to question, free to think, free to read, free to do and to be and to go. This means the freedom to be wrong, which is a necessary liberty for all seekers after truth. It means the freedom to make mistakes, which has to happen if one does anything at all. It means the freedom to love and be loved for the sake of *persons* rather than party.

It means to be free from the humdrum, the boring, the superficial, the periphery. It means the freedom to be one's self, looking to Jesus for authenticity rather than to party for approbation. *Now!*

It means to be an authentic person in Jesus without being told to go elsewhere "if you can't submit to the elders" and without being fired, cajoled, threatened, or ostracized if one is a little different from the crowd. People who give years of work and money to a congregation's life and property are being told, often by newcomers, to leave if they don't like the way things go. If they want to change it, they must not love! They may have built up the work and paid for the property, but all their rights vanish the moment they call for change – other than "by and by" that is!

It means to be free to face up to issues and to linger with life's mysteries. Our people are tiring of retreating from the difficult and the mysterious to the superficial and the manageable. Most of us can't face up to death, so we retreat to funeral arrangements. We can't deal with sex, so we retreat to the techniques. We fear the lessons that history teaches, so we withdraw into isolation. We can't really come to terms with Jesus, so we retreat to a blind conformity, talking a lot of nonsense about the evils of "unity in diversity," We dare not act, so we talk.

Not by and by, but NOW!

Our leaders had better listen. If they cannot accommodate themsleves to those wise restraints and sensible compromises that make for effective leadership, they may well have congregations on their hands that will cease *asking* for freedom and start *demanding* it. Elders who encourage growth and innovation, new approaches to old truths, the reading of material that is out on the cutting edge, and the hearing of "controversial" speakers will be the shepherds of God's flock tomorrow. We need shepherds who will look deep inside to the needs of the flock, men who can listen and pray and study *honestly* with their own people. That breed will soon pass that has to browbeat, or ignore, or feel threatened, or pick up the phone to check it out with Abilene. – *the Editor*

Facts are stubborn things; and whatever may be our wishes, our inclinations, or the dictates of our passions, they cannot alter the state of facts and evidence.
John Adams (1770)

Bicentennial Notes on Restoration History . . .

THOMAS CAMPBELL WRITES HIS DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

He actually called it the *Declaration and Address*, but there is reason to believe that he was influenced by that document that gave birth to our nation in his selection of a title for the document that gave birth to our Movement. They were both a declaration of independence – freedom from tyranny and oppression and freedom to be an individual before God.

A committee led by Thomas Jefferson worked through the hot summer of 1776 to produce the first, only to have every line it wrote brutally scrutinized by the Continental Congress. Thomas Campbell toiled through the hot summer of 1809, stashed away as he was in a lonely attic, to turn out the second, only to have it tried and tested by the Christian Association of Washington that had helped to bring it to birth. Our nation would never have formed without the first; our Movement would never have emerged without the second.

They were both a *declaration*, with all that that term means to courageous souls; they were both for *independence*, with all that that word means to tired men who long to be free.

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary . . ." began that declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson in 1776. "From the series of events which have taken place in the churches for many years, we are persuaded that it is high time for us not only to think, but also to act . . ." began that declaration written by Thomas Campbell in 1809.

Both documents talked about rights. Jefferson wrote of "the right of the people" to redress wrongs against them. Campbell wrote of how "No man has a right to judge his brother."

Both declarations burned in righteous anger over the injustices imposed upon an innocent people. Jefferson referred to the "long train of abuses and usurpations" that reduce a people to absolute despotism, and he called for their peace and security. Campbell insisted that he was "tired and sick of the bitter jarrings and janglings of a party spirit," and he asked that the churches might have rest from it all.

The first declaration gave our nation its greatest political principle: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Jefferson originally began with: *We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable . . .*

The second declaration gave our Movement its greatest spiritual principle: "The Church of Christ upon earth is essentially, intentionally, and constitutionally one: consisting of all those in every place that profess their faith in Christ and obedience to him in all things according to the Scriptures, and that manifest the same by their tempers and conduct, and of none else; as none else can be truly and properly called Christians."

Jefferson concluded the first declaration by "appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions." Campbell concluded the second declaration by noting that the unity movement he was launching would "rely upon the all-sufficiency of the Church's Head; and, through his grace, looking with an eye of confidence to the generous liberality of the sincere friends of Christianity."

Both documents say in essence: *We do hereby declare that we are a free people!*

The events leading up to the composition of the *Declaration and Address* show Thomas Campbell to be a man of great integrity, sound scholarship, and intense piety. Born in 1763 in Ireland of Roman Catholic parents who turned Anglican, he became a Presbyterian and after a few years of teaching school decided to enter the ministry. He spent three years studying classics at Glasgow, and then took the seminary course of his own church in nearby Whitburn. This means that while Irish by birth he was Scottish by education, and there is evidence that he was strongly influenced by the "common sense" school of philosophy, led by Thomas Reid of Glasgow, which was then dominant and which supported Scottish theologians in their struggle with David Hume, the old Scot who was known as the great infidel.

He was always a teacher as well as a pastor, conducting private schools of his own both in Ireland and America. He was teaching at a sleepy little village named Ballymena, in what is now North Ireland, when he met and married Jane Corneigle, in whose veins flowed French Huguenot blood, and it was here that his eldest son, Alexander, was born in 1788. He later taught at Market Hill in Armagh county, at which time he became the pastor at Ahorey, a few miles distant. In company with the present pastor at Ahorey, Dr. Scott, I was recently privileged to visit both Market Hill and Ahorey. The little town of Market Hill is now barracaded, due to the civil war, but it is not too different from what it was in Campbell's day. The house where he conducted his school still stands, freshly painted and well preserved, now housing a quiet little business.

He was pastor at Ahorey from 1798 until 1807, at which time he embarked for this country. The church has always been Presbyterian (now the United Presbyterian Church of Ireland), and it has continued without interruption all these years. Dr. Scott has been pastor for 18 years and he has great interest in its Campbell heritage. The environment is still rural, with its rolling hills and white farm houses stretching in all directions, not unlike the terrain in western Pennsylvania and Bethany to which the Campbells eventually came.

The church has a Campbell Tower, built in recent years by Disciples of this country. (Perry Gresham of Bethany, who led the supscription drive, wanted me to check to make sure it was there!) The foyer, below the tower, has a brass relief of Thomas' likeness gracing a wall, noting the years of his pastorate and acknowledging his role as founder of the Christian Church in America. The old pews, each having its own little door, will seat about 125. Here the Campbells themselves once sat, and it was here that Alexander, then in his impressionable teens, heard his father's scholarly and devotional presentations. A stained glass window now honors the son. The present pul-

pit area and additional space have since been built, but the main part of the small church is much like it was then. The cemetery around it has graves that antedate the Campbells.

Even in Ireland, where there was both political and religious unrest, Thomas worked for church union. He was sent by his own Anti-Burgher Presbyterian Church to Glasgow for unity consultation with the Burgher Presbyterian Church (the difference was political rather than doctrinal). The Haldane reformation, which so much influenced Alexander in Glasgow, also reached into Ireland and touched Thomas' life. The church still stands in Market Hall where the reformers often spoke, particularly Rowland Hill, whom Thomas heard and met. Before he left the Old World he was acquainted with the views of Glas, Sandeman, and James Haldane.

It is noteworthy that both Thomas and Alexander found turning points in reference to the Lord's Supper. We saw in our last how Alexander walked out of a communion service in Glasgow in protest of its sectarian character, leaving the Presbyterians forever. His father, about the same time, had a similar experience in reference to the Supper, which led to his separation from the same sect.

Once in this country, he was received into the Associate Synod of North America, which represented all Seceder Presbyterians, the "Burgher" dispute not having been imported. He was assigned to the Presbytery of Chartiers in western Pennsylvania, which appointed him to an itinerant ministry among Irish immigrants in what was then frontier country. He was among many of his own people, some having immigrated from his own part of Ireland. His views, already expanding back in Europe, became even more open in the New World. He was not prepared for the narrow sectarian restrictions that his presbytery placed upon him: to minister to and serve communion to Seceder Presbyterians only. He was soon under their judgment for behaving otherwise.

The minutes of the presbytery, which tell the story of his trial, reveal that there was eventually more involved than his liberal practices as a preacher on horseback. It was not simply that he had ecumenical tendencies, but that he had serious misgivings about the theology of his church. Seven charges were brought against him, and these were debated in various hearings for two years, but about mid-way through the dispute Mr. Campbell withdrew from the presbytery and left the Presbyterian ministry, becoming an independent. The charges had to do with his opposition to creeds as terms of communion, his sympathy for the lay ministry, his desire to fellowship other churches, his idea that men can preach without being called, and his belief that a believer can live in this world without sinning. He more or less admitted guilt to all of these except the last one, and argued with his peers on scriptural grounds. The presbytery suspended him. He appealed to the Synod in Philadelphia, which was a higher court. After a week or so of hearings his suspension was rescinded, but he was rebuked for his aberrations. The presbytery resented his reinstatement and it was apparent that they were out to get him, first by giving him no appointments, and finally by suspending him again, this time for not submitting to their authority. But by this time he was already out on his own anyway.

The break with the Presbyterian Church was complete. As a final act of protest he returned to them the 50.00 they gave him upon his arrival in America. By the time the presbytery deposed him from "the office of Holy Ministry" he had already written the *Declaration and Address* and had organized the Christian Association of Washington. The association was to help "unite the Christians in all the sects," and it was not to be another church. He hoped that many such societies would arise across the land, dedicated to the task of reforming the church and restoring its unity. The document was its Magna Charta and its slogan was "Where the Scriptures speak, we speak: where the Scriptures are silent, we are silent." Thomas had it with him in galley proofs when he met his son Alexander and the family on a road in western Pennsylvania, Oct. 19, 1809, 20 days after their arrival in New York, following 54 days on the high seas. Now that they had had similar confrontations with sectarianism, which left them both "free agents" of the Lord, and now had their principles of reform worked out in that memorable document, they were now ready to be further honed for the launching of a unity movement.

And this is what was distinctive about the *Declaration and Address*. It called for reform through unity. This is what made the Campbell-Stone movement unique; it pled for a unity of all believers as well as a restoration of the primitive faith. The idea of restoration goes far back into efforts of reform, whether to Glas and Sandeman, the Haldanes, or the Anabaptists. But restoration *and* unity awaited the Restoration Movement in this country.

Thomas' great document set forth *unity* principles. The church, he insisted, is by its very nature one, and cannot help but be one, if it be God's church. Nothing can be made the basis of unity except what is expressly taught by Christ and his apostles. Nothing can be made a term of communion that is not as old as the New Testament. Inferences from scripture may be true doctrine, but they cannot be made binding upon others further than they perceive them to be so. Doctrinal systems may have value, but they cannot be made essential to the faith since they are beyond the understanding of many. Full knowledge of the Bible is not necessary to fellowship, and no one should be required to make a profession more extensive than his understanding. Division by its very nature is sinful. Opinions cannot be made tests of fellowship. The primitive faith as revealed in the New Testament should determine the ordinances of the church, not the creeds of men.

The Christian Association of Washington eventually became a congregation in spite of its original intention. The Brush Run church, as it was called, tried to work within a denominational framework. It applied for membership in a Presbyterian presbytery that Thomas thought would be friendly and was turned down. Once it became "baptist" in that it was now immersed, it joined a Baptist association, which did not work out. Then it joined another Baptist association. That one it converted! That is, that Baptist association gradually evolved into the Campbell wing of the Movement (the Stone movement had begun down in Kentucky a few years earlier).

That part of the story we will tell in our next – the Movement among the Baptists. *the Editor*

Travel Letter . . .

WINTER WANDERINGS AROUND HOME

It is always good to be home with the family, especially in the winter. It also gives me the opportunity to touch base with friends and places close at hand. I consider any place close if I can drive to it and take Ouida along. She is always a bonus. However delightful an experience might be she makes it even more delightful, for others as well as for myself. And if the experience is less than delightful, well . . . it is always better when she is along.

She went with me to Cleburne, Texas, which is 30 or 40 minutes south of Ft. Worth. You railroad buffs have no doubt heard or read about it, for it is famous as an old railroad town. The Sante Fe shops are still one of the main sources of employment. It is also important in the history of Churches of Christ in Texas, for some of our better known preachers gained their spurs (and used them!) there, including no less than G. C. Brewer and Reuel Lemmons. The old Central church qualifies as one of the Mother congregations in our state, and her story is sort of the history of our people as a whole.

Will Ewing, a brother who served under Gen. Andrew Jackson at New Orleans as a youth, first preached in Cleburne back in 1870, but it was not until 1890 that a congregation was formed. In another 50 years the congregation could boast of having 1,000 members. It went through it all, including the debating era and the dividing era. T.W. Caskey was Texas' great debater in those early years. It was said of him that he had not shed a tear since his Mother first whipped him. After he had debated a Methodist preacher in Cleburne, the local paper described him: "His manner on the stand is that of a surgeon who picks and lays bare to the eye the muscles and veins and sinews and ligaments of the dissecting room." That's another way of saying he nailed their hides to the side of the barn with the bloody side out! In another Texas town Caskey debated a Spiritualist. Making no argument at all, he proceeded to abuse the man so severely that the man at last lost his temper and began an attack on all the preachers in town, exposing them as women-chasers, calling names and citing instances of infidelity. This was what Caskey was waiting for, not merely an exposure of the sectarian preachers, but of the Spiritualist himself. Caskey explained that the Spiritualist could summon a beautiful woman spirit, have her as his bride for the night, and then whisk her away to the spirit world the next day – and not be burdened with supporting a mistress like the other preachers in town!

They wound it tight in Texas back in those days, and sometimes the spring broke. Places like Cleburne can still feel the backlash. The Church of Christ there has divided at least once every decade in recent generations. The "non-cooperatives" represent a recent division, and they have lately driven away some of their people for using other than the *King James* version. A small band of one-cup saints gather in a pleasant little building on one of the quiet streets, as they have for many years, with the world passing them by. The old Central church has spawned two other congregations through the years. The Disciples congregation is composed mostly of older people, and the minister, who is sensitive to the Restoration plea, is understandably discouraged. At one of our sessions in the Court House he could hardly believe his eyes and ears, that Church of Christ people would be reaching out as we were to him that night.

Our visit was with a "walk out" group, and, as usual, they proved to be among the most youthful, alert, prosperous, and spiritual of our people. "Walk out" is hardly the term for some of these brethren. *Saints in exile* might be better, for they are driven out more than they walk out. While still in their home congregation they were charged with being Ketchersideites because of their more open and libertarian views – that they did not make instrumental music a test of fellowship was one of the weightier charges. *Who is Ketcherside?*, they began to ask, for they had never even heard of him or her. An older brother who was sympathetic, and who had been around a little more than the rest, quietly passed along some of his old copies of *Mission Messenger* and *Restoration Review*. That is when they called me and asked if I'd come down for a visit. They seemed surprised at my response. So long had they been badgered and browbeaten by insecure preachers that they could hardly believe that one would treat them with love and tenderness.

I do not attempt any longer to tell such people what to do, whether to leave the oppressive situation in which they find themselves (if they haven't already), or to go back into it (if they have already left), or to seek out a more compatible congregation. No one answer applies to all situations, and besides, I'm just not wise enough to know what is best. I urge them to be a community of love, whatever they do, and *not* to be sectarian. If they will be people for Jesus and not be people of a party, all will be well, whatever direction they may take, accepting all God's children as their brothers and sisters.

As for now they assemble in a room at the bank, and it is all low key. They issue no proclamations about Cleburne now having a loyal church! They simply want to be free, spiritual and loving, without being scolded and castigated. But low key or not, a few other of our wandering sheep have begun to hear of them, and some of them are coming for miles – to be loved! It is just that shamefully simple.

An interesting question in all this is how those brethren became Ketchersidites. They had never heard of the man and had not read one word of anything he ever wrote! I take it that if you grow tired of the sectarian mess and want to be free, it makes you some kind of *ite*. That being the case, let's honor them with a little more antiquity and just call them Campbellites. That's why Thomas Campbell started this unity-love Movement. He said he was sick and tired of the whole sectarian mess, and declared himself a free man, writing his own declaration of independence. That's what we have in Cleburne, a bunch of Campbellites! However, I am not sure that they ever heard of him either!

Ouida also went with me to the Park Row Church of Christ in Arlington, mid-way between Dallas and Ft. Worth, one of the older congregations in the area, where I presented a Sunday morning lesson on *The Betrayal of a Heri-*

tage, which has appeared in this journal, and an evening lesson on *A Recovery of Pentecost,* in which I related immersion to the remission of sins and to a Spirit-filled life.

I was testing something in the first lesson. If you read it, you will see that it summarizes what the Restoration Movement *really* stood for from the outset. I read the presentation so that I would be sure to include all I wanted to say in the time allowed. Would an old, main-line congregation respond to such a plea, now that they were giving it a fair hearing? That was the test. I mingled amongst them all day, asking old and young alike about my lesson, including the elders and rank and file members. Without exception there was a positive response, even an enthusiastic response on the part of many. One sister who has been around all these years assured me, with a touch of pathos, that her life in the church would have been happy if she had been brought up on that kind of teaching. She agreed, as I charged in my address, that we have all been ripped off and have therefore betrayed a glorious heritage. It was generally agreed that most Church of Christ folk would agree with what I said if they were allowed to hear it under favorable circumstances.

Park Row has been under fire of late for being . . . let's just say *different.* That's what poisoned Socrates and crucified Jesus, being different, and so a congregation might well get flak, if not faggots, for being unlike the party churches. They do such awful things as bear with divorced people rather than drive them away with impossible (and unchristian) demands. They are sympathetic toward brethren who have "charismatic" experiences. And they talk responsibly about "unity in diversity," and even practice it. They are sensitive to human suffering, which causes them to reach out to others. Sins like that.

One of the Dallas papers gave top billing to a story about Park Row, which I thought was rather well done, even if it overemphasized the church's position on "charsmatic" gifts. Jim Reynolds, a loving soul who put together one of our unity meetings when ministering in California, ministers to the church. He was quoted in the write-up as saying he had been ostracized by other Churches of Christ and that he was no longer invited to speak at the ACC lectureship. Jim was a star athlete during his days at ACC and continued to be a star on various programs through the years. While in California he took his Ph.D. and was until recently part of the Biblical Studies Center in Austin. All I can say is that you lose a lot when you cut off a guy like Jim. But I have found that many of our leaders (not the masses) could not care less about *quality.* They'll poison a Socrates or ostracize a Jim Reynolds – and, yes, crucify Jesus afresh – for the sake of loyalty to the party.

Anyway, the elders at Park Row got bombarded by the other churches (preachers, of course) about the write-up. (We are autonomous, you know, with no congregation minding the business of any other!) This included a writeup in the same Dallas paper by our brother Johnny Ramsey. The editor explained that Johnny took exceptions to some of the things said by Jim Reynolds the week before, and so he was having his say. Jim, in tracing the history of the Church of Christ, referred to Alexander Campbell as one of the founders. Johnny assured all of us that Alexander Campbell had nothing at all to do with it, that he came along 1800 years too late, and that the Church of Christ began in 33 A.D. on the day of Pentecost. He also set us straight about ACC. It has no ties at all with the Church of Christ! He conceded that churches are to be autonomous, but quoted Rom. 16:17 as a prooftext that an erring church might be marked and disfellowshipped, which some at Park Row took as a threat.

Well, I don't know what he owes Park Row, but I think Johnny should apologize to Alexander Campbell. He wouldn't have that lucrative preaching job over there in Garland and would never have heard of the "Church of Christ" had it not been for the old uncle. That isn't to say that Uncle Alex planned it exactly that way!

Park Row, and all other such congregations, will survive gloriously, for they are courageously living for Jesus in the now. The stuff dished out by the Old Guard has had its day.

Besides, the hierarchy has reduced its complaints against them to only two things, according to the most recent reports. Allowing a sister to go to the Christian Church with her husband without withdrawing from her, and allowing Leroy Garrett in the pulpit. As to the latter complaint one brother said it well: "He's a no-no, you know." But still there is hope for the future, even for a church with *two* unpardonable sins.

I have long wanted to visit Ernest and Flossie Garrett in Shreveport. The chance came this winter. Since Ouida and I were a part of their surprise golden wedding anniversary in Ft. Worth last summer, beautifully executed by their six daughters and their families, Ouida was pleased that she could go along on this trip also. They gathered 30 or 40 from our divided ranks, curious ones if not concerned ones, and we had several hours of fruitful exchange.

I wish Ernest was my kinsman in the flesh as well as in the Spirit, but I'm afraid we have no one as smart as he hanging on my family tree, certainly no one as diligent. That's how I first began to hear of him years ago, brethren telling me of that free spirit in Shreveport that has a great library that he knows like a hound dog knows coon's tracks. But only the half had been told. Now that I know him better I know a man humbled by the great ideas that have challenged his thinking all these years.

Here is a man cut from common cloth, who has lived the simple life, and worked his way to financial independence as an inventor and mechanical engineer, and one who has garnered for himself a fine education, though he never went to college. He has facility in both Greek and Hebrew, all self-taught, and he handles the Septuagint in the original, along with Hatch and Redpath's lexicon; also Strack and Billerbeck, the Mishnah, the Talmud, Arndt and Gingrich, Kittel, and I don't know what all, stuff I studied when I was a doctoral student at Harvard. As he drew from his well-used library, he raised such issues as how it was that the Apocrypha came to be separated from the *Old Testament,* a question he's been working on for some years. He realizes the church drew its canon from the Jewish scriptures, which omit those books, rather than from the Septuagint, which includes them, but he wants to know how it happened.

He told me of purchasing a copy of the Septuagint from one of our preach-

ers who is in the book business. With that book in hand, just purchased from the preacher, he raised the question as to whether the modern church might not be denied something of value by not having the same *Old Testament* that Jesus used (the one in hand, which includes the disputed books). The preacher simply went bananas and began to challenge him for a debate! Ernest, realizing the man had a heart condition, hastened to leave lest he have another attack.

That brought up another question from still another field that intrigues him, psychology. Why, we wondered, is a man threatened like that by a rather innocent historical question? And why, we asked, will one rare up and want to debate, but not sit down quietly and talk about it, which our brother invited him to do? Why must our people suppose that they are guardians over all truth, all history, all everything? Why couldn't he say, "Ernest, you've raised a weighty question there, suppose its one I can't answer just now."

But the question I was asking myself was the hardest of all. What happens to all this talk about the necessity of seminaries, Bible colleges, preacher schools, Bible departments, and all the rest when someone like Ernest Garrett gets what they offer, and even more, on his own out of books available to all?

In our Shreveport meetings we had two preachers that had been to schools of preaching. One of them, a delightful black brother, wanted to know if I knew about 1 Cor. 1:10, which clearly shows that we must be in doctrinal agreement on everything if we are to be in fellowship - *we must all speak the same thing!* I explained that I had considered the passage, but that if it meant what he had learned at the preacher school, then nobody in the entire history of the church has been able to obey it, including those at his school and even the apostle himself, for no one speaks exactly the same thing on all points of doctrine as the others within the fellowship. A man and his wife could not even be in fellowship!

The other brother, from the Christian Church, had graduated from the Sunset School of Preaching in Lubbock, Texas. I got a bang out of his story. The faculty made one last effort to "convert" him before graduation, but the music question wasn't the deal to him that it was to them. Finally giving up on him as a lost cause, they told him that he would have to receive his diploma in a back room in private, for he could not walk across the stage and receive their blessings along with the faithful. He thought that a bit puerile for a Christian educational institution, but I have a more descriptive term for it: *plain ole bigotry!* But the brother is better off than he thinks. If the Sunset folk keep it a secret that he is a graduate, and if he won't tell anybody, then nobody will ever have to know that he went there! – *the Editor*

Driven from every other corner of the earth, freedom of thought and the right of private judgment in matters of conscience direct their course to this happy country as their last asylum. – *Samuel Adams (1776)*

Pilgrimage of Joy . . .

"KETCHERSIDE TOWN"

W. Carl Ketcherside

It is difficult to describe a mining town in the early part of the twentieth century to those who live in our present urbanized culture. The village in which I was born, Cantwell, was one of a string of towns on the surface of the earth loosely following the vein of lead hundreds of feet below. There were no city limit markers for there were no city limits. Cantwell, Desloge, Flat River, Elvins, Esther, Rivermines, and others were flung down in a heap as if some giant hand had deposited them with no attempt to gather them into orderly units. Six miles from Cantwell, in the other direction than the towns mentioned, lay Bonne Terre, which means "good earth," so called by the French because of the richness of the ore deposits.

Most of the villages were not incorporated. There was no city government and "every man did that which was right in his own sight." Families tended to huddle together in the same village and Cantwell was sometimes called "Ketcherside town" because some dozen or more frame shacks were occupied by members of our clan. The land was known as "company ground" because it was owned by the mining interests out of New York. There was a row of company houses, all built exactly alike, and anyone who rented them had the five dollars per month extracted from his check on payday.

One could build his own house by leasing a piece of ground from the company for ninety-nine years, with a carefully spelled out notation in the lease that the right to all minerals below the surface belonged to the company. The company also retained the right to set up a diamond drill anywhere for the purpose of prospecting for ore. A diamond drill had a bit which was set with diamonds and which, by rotating, could cut through the hardest rock, sending a one-inch core to the surface which could be analyzed in the laboratory to determine the direction in which the underground tunnel for taking out the ore should be directed. When a drill was set up it operated night and day and nearby residents did not sleep soundly until they became adjusted to the jarring noise.

There was a company store in our village where all of the miners traded "on time" as credit was designated. Each family had its own account book, and when the storekeeper assembled your purchases on the counter he entered the amounts on a ticket in your book and gave you a duplicate to take home and keep in the spring clip which hung on the wall by the comb case above the wash pan. Everyone used the same towel and comb, and no one used a toothbrush.

On payday the miners lined up at the store to cash their checks and make a payment on the grocery bill. When such a payment was made each miner received a little striped sack of candy called "a treat." It was rumored that if you paid in full you received a double portion, but I cannot testify as to the truthfulness of the rumor because we never paid in full. The company store created a way of life for many people and made of them eco-

nomic slaves as long as they existed. The idea that you could "buy now and pay later" was dangerous for families like ours which were always on the brink of poverty. The first thing I did when my father was killed was to take the meager amount of insurance remaining and pay off his obligations. It may have been the first time my mother was completely free from debt.

One of my earliest recollections of my boyhood is that of the saloons and the vice associated with them. The saloons were tough joints. They bore such exotic names as "The Blue Goose" and "Klondike" although the one which stood in full sight of our house was called "The Star." Every payday was characterized by a drunken brawl. Frequently the men staggered outside and we saw them crack the skulls of one another with beer or whiskey bottles, the foaming contents mingling with the blood and gore flowing from gaping lacerations.

There were always prostitutes hanging around outside the saloon although no one called them that. The men called them "chippies" while the women called them "painted hussies." I used to look through a crack in the fence and watch them take half-soused men into the woods and while I did not know what it was all about I was aware, from what I heard the adults say about them, that it was not "nice."

I remember two occasions which caused those who were referred to as "decent women" to rejoice. One occurred when a little tiny woman got fed up with the "goings-on" and took an axe-handle and laid in wait for the woman who had solicited her husband. Although the chippy was about twice her size and hard as nails, she "worked her over and beat the tar out of her" as I learned by lying on the floor with my ear glued to the crack under the door. This source of information almost proved my undoing, for one day when the gossip was not especially interesting I fell asleep, and someone threw the door open and flattened me against the wall.

The other time of gladness occurred early on a Christmas morning when the village was awakened with the yell of "Fire!" The Star saloon was aflame. A goodly number of neighbors gathered in front of our gate to watch the welcome sight. It was a great spectacle. Bottles burst like machine-gun fire and bottle caps whined through the air like bullets. The women alternately cried and laughed for joy, hugging one another and saying it was a divine judgment and the greatest gift God could have given on Christmas. The saloon was never rebuilt and the chippies all left except for the two who continued to receive customers after dark at the third house up the street from us, the one next to the chat dump, as the massive taling-pile composed of crushed rock from underground was called.

Life was not unpleasant for us although we were under stern instructions never to step a foot outside the yard without permission. Every yard had a wire fence around it because the area surrounding the village was "open range." This meant that anyone could turn his cows and hogs out to roam at will. Animals were not fenced in, but fenced out. Each family had its own earmark, which meant that all of its animals had pieces cut out of their ears for identification. One man might say to another, "If you see a sow with a bit on the front side of the right ear and a swallow-fork in the left, please tell me, as it is my hog, and I want to put her up."

Sometimes in the middle of the night a family of razorback hogs would put their snouts under the fence and pry up the wire and creep in under it. They would literally clean out a garden before daybreak. Most of the houses were built up off the ground and set on rock pillars at the corners. This was to avoid damp rot and termites, but it also provided a shady place for the dogs to lie and scratch fleas. One morning our neighbor arose to see that her garden had been devastated during the night. As she looked out of the kitchen window she saw the north end of a southbound lanky sow protruding from under her house. She carefully heated a dishpan of water to the boiling point and poured it on the rear half of the razorback but was wholly unprepared for the cataclysmic result. As the sow departed for fairer regions she knocked the back porch off the house and took with her the underpinning from one corner, leaving the bedroom aslant and the furniture slowly slipping down toward the outside wall. Life in the village was not always drab and unexciting.

Although we could not go outside our yard we could always play with the children on either side "through the fence." There were two girls on one side and a boy and girl on the other. Their mothers "took in washing" and worked hard over the scrub-board every day. We were never allowed to mention their fathers because both men were in "the state pen." One was doing time for murder and the other for stealing stuff from the lead company. This last was not regarded as a crime by anyone except the lead company.

Every day we made mud pies and other articles and played store. We cut "money" out of the pages of a Sears-Roebuck catalog hanging in the toilet, and used bottle-caps for "change." The situation was complicated due to the fact that everyone wanted to be the storekeeper and take in the cash. We settled the question by putting a counter on each side of the fence and the storekeepers sold to each other. As my little sisters began to grow up they always wanted to play house, and wanted their brothers to be the papas and come home with their dinner buckets and kiss the dolls like our father kissed us. It was years later that I realized the neighbor children never wanted to play house. They had no father to come home and kiss them.

As I think back upon my childhood I recall one woman who said to my mother, "All children are different, but Carl's differenter than any young-un' I've ever seed." That was because of my utter fascination with printed words. It became an obsession with me. I carried the mail order catalog around with me and everytime someone came who could read, and there were not many of them, I'd thrust the catalog into their hands, point to a description of an article and ask, "What does that say?" In my innocence, bred of ignorance, I sometimes pointed to something embarrassing, and they would quickly flip the pages over to the farm machinery. I soon learned which pages were off limits although I did not then know why they were.

I had to do the buying at the company store by the time I was five because my mother could not read English. When I bought something, if

there was no other customer in the store, I'd ask Mr. Watson to read the labels on the cans and boxes. He not only did so but taught me to read on *Clabber Girl* baking powder cans, *Arm and Hammer* bicarbonate of soda boxes, and *Old Dutch Cleanser* and *Bon Ami* containers. He saved reading material which was undeliverable in the little post office, and apparently told others about me because they brought their Horatio Alger books to pass along to me. If there were too many to carry home with the groceries I'd leave the groceries at the store and take the books home first. I knew my mother would make me go back after the groceries but might not let me go back for the books.

One of the proudest days of my life was the one on which I started to school in the little two-room village educational plant. The folk had managed to save and secure my first pair of new store-bought knickerbockers, as knee length pants were called. My blouse, as boys' shirts with a puckering string at the waist, were then called, was home-made. So was my underwear which bore the bold label across the seat, "Gold Medal Flour - Eventually, Why Not Now?" I took my lunchbox in one hand, and my slate and Elson-Runkel first reader in the other and marched off bravely. I stopped at the corner and looked back. Mother was standing in the door. The early morning September sunshine bathed her presence. She was drying her tears with her apron. She knew life would never be the same. And she was right!

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An honest man is the noblest work of God. -- *Pope*

OUR CHANGING WORLD

A three-page spread on "The Churches of Christ" appeared recently in the *U.S. Catholic*, written by William J. Whatlen, who seems to have found out all he needed to know about us. He is impressed that our numbers have increased fivefold since 1936 and that we have 200 congregations in the Philippines and 70 in Japan, all without a missionary society. He refers to our 65 publications, 18,000 congregations, 75 orphanages and homes for the aged, and the "Herald of Truth" with its $1,600,000 budget. Yet he calls us a sect and quotes one of our elders as admitting we are a denomination despite the disclaimers. He notes that the women's liberation movement has passed us by, and that "the major trends in religion today swirl around the Church of Christ and leave it unmoved." He recognizes that our people insist that we alone represent the Church of Christ as it existed in the first century, and his research turned up the fact that we do not honor as Christians even other believers who have been baptized by immersion. Then he nails us: "Small wonder that the Church of Christ's contribution to unity does not seem apparent to other followers of Jesus." He refers to Pat Boone as one of our few nationally-known members, and as one disfellowshipped by his own people for his belief in glossolalia. He quotes only one living member by name, Norvel Young, to the effect that our churches are autonomous. He presents an accurate summary of the beginning of the Restoration Movement. And considering the facts he had at his disposal he writes with a stroke of charity, recognizing that the Lord works in mysterious ways, and so He may use even us in the quest for genuine unity among all Christians!

James L. Merrell, editor of *The Disciple*, notes in an editorial that no Disciples congregation has surrendered its freedom to a "denominational hierarchy" since the start of restructure in the early 1960's, contrary to the fears circulated back in those days that they would. Each church continues to make its own decisions, he assures us. He refers to a new furore among Disciples, a kind of aftermath to the struggle over restructure, resulting from Resolution 60 passed at their last General Assembly. This was a "mutual recognition of members" resolution, which Merrell says put an old Campbellite slogan into fresh language. The resolution merely recognizes that Disciples are "Christians only" and not the only Christians, that they are only part of the Body of Christ at large. The editor insists that this is not an "open membership" policy for congregations, for each church is still free to accept members according to its own conviction, requiring immersion if it chooses.

C.B. radios are really the thing these days in Texas, with many cars having one. And our church folk are right in the middle of it. The big deal is to tip each other as to where "Smokey" might be lurking, ready to pounce upon highway speeders. It strikes me as odd that Christians will join with worldlings in this way, arming themselves with the necessary electronic equipment to preempt law enforcement. If a Christian works his C.B. right, he might be able to speed all the way across Texas without "Smokey" bothering him, being tipped off every several miles by other Christians as to where the troopers are and are not, and maybe he won't kill anybody in doing so. The deal right now is to keep the other guy from swiping yours. Dallas alone had 2,000 C.B.'s stolen in a single month, though I have no evidence that Christians are stealing from each other. I have a simple suggestion that might ease all the fuss: *obey the law*. That is the safe way to get along with "Smokey", who really happens to be on our side. Otherwise you might have the experience of one C.B. enthusiast. He called ahead for a "Smokey report." *All clear!* came booming back. Moments later a trooper pulled him over for doing 80. If you do right, you don't have to worry about whose over the hill – or whose on the phone! But the best C.B. story of all concerns one of our ACC girls who lives here in Denton. Receiving a C.B. for Christmas, she tried it out on her return to Abilene. She got in between two trucks on that long west Texas stretch, and the drivers both entertained her and protected her all the way to Abilene. But what the truckers had no way of knowing is that it is *in* Abilene that one needs protection!

A letter from Krister Stendahl, dean at Harvard Divinity School, states that after a year's leave of absence to his native Sweden that he is all the more eager "to work hard for bringing sharp thinking and tender care of souls together in one, or as the rabbi prayed, 'that I do not use my reason against truth'." That's not a bad ideal for an editor, is it? Or a minister, a teacher, all of us. Krister also indicated that he planned to write an in-depth commentary on Romans during his sabbatical.

or at least get it underway, but his further study revealed to him that he didn't know enough yet! This would sound strange to a lot of people I know, who can work up a sermon or knock off a book or write a commentary (or publish a journal!) without all that much concern about preparation.

In a recent issue of *Photoplay* Pat Boone has an article on "Why I Became a Jew." His point is that he is a Jew *by adoption* through the Messiah. He believes that disciples of Jesus are heirs of the promise made to Abraham and are therefore the new Israel. He states that his entire family is enjoying the Jewish approach to the Christian faith. One of his daughters is now well versed in the Hebrew language, as is the man she married. It is significant to Pat that Jesus, whom he calls *Yeshua* more and more, came not to destroy the Jewish law but to fulfill it.

A sister down near the Mexican border decided that she would be happier with the Baptists than with the Church of Christ, where she has been all her life. But she refused to be re-immersed, which is usually the Baptist procedure. She was allowed to read a statement of her conversion and immersion experience in the Church of Christ. The pastor made mention of her "non-denominational" background. Setting a precedent for that church, she was accepted without being re-immersed. All Baptists coming to the Church of Christ, and all Church of Christ people going to the Baptists should refuse to be re-immersed since they have already been baptized into Christ. As of now, they insist on re-baptizing each other, just as if they were outside the Christian faith. A little self-assertion of one's convictions will stop that nonsense.

OFFICE NOTES

Raccoon John Smith, by Louis Cochran, is the story of that great Kentucky pioneer-evangelist. Excellent for bicentennial-restoration reading. This book is out of print and is in demand from some quarters. I have obtained a box of them from the author's widow, the delightful Bess Cochran, who joined her husband in his research and writing. These are books that she had laid back, and she advises that we sell them for 10.00 and for the money to go to the publication of this journal. They are easily worth that as a collector's item, but we are going to let them go on a first come-first served basis for only 5.95. We've had calls for this book when it was unavailable, but we did not file these requests. We hope such ones will see this notice and order at once.

Recently reprinted is Louis Cochran's book on Alexander Campbell, *The Fool of God*, available at 3.50. Ouida and I have read this book to each other *twice*, and you and yours are making a mistake if you do not read it at least once.

For 2.95 we will send you Carl Ketcherside's *The Death of the Custodian*, a study of law and grace as revealed in Galatians. His *Heaven Help Us*, a treatise on what the Spirit does for the believer, is the same price. These are top rate.

There is no way to overemphasize the value of John Stott's *Christ the Controversalist*. You'll come to understand the real conflict between Jesus and the Pharisees as never before. For a 214-page book it is a steal at 2.50.

We have a few copies of *The New International Version* (New Testament), the new translation by "conservative" scholars for 4.95, which is 1.00 off the retail price. These are wrapped in cellophane, crisp and new.

Do a favor to a dating couple, or young marrieds, by handing them a copy of Jim Reynold's *Secrets of Eden: God and Human Sexuality*. You would do well to read it yourself before passing it on! He has a chapter on Divorce and Divorcees. Only 2.45.

John Allen Chalk (once on Herald of Truth) and Ron Durham (now editor of *Mission*), along with others, have essays on demons and the occult, entitled *The Devil, You Say?* Ron has some historical notes on "Tracking the Serpent" that will fill you in on what Satan has been up to. Chapters on astrology, angels, and satanism are informative. Only 2.95.

William Barclay's 17-volume *Daily Bible Study*, commentaries covering the entire New Testament, is being revised and issued in new binding in both soft and hard cover, and we will be handling it. Ten of them are now ready, 3.45 each in the soft cover, 6.25 each in the hardbound. If you choose the hardbound, you can get all six on the gospels for 35.75. If you are not acquainted with these, we highly recommend them as among the best stuff you can read anywhere. I've put hours upon hours of these on tape for Ouida's mother, who can no longer read as she once could, and she listens to them over and over, and reports that she is always richly edified. You can order one, two, or three at a time, if you like. Ready so far are the four gospels and all of Paul's epistles except Gal-Eph. Five more volumes will be ready in May.

All these books are available from us at 1201 Windsor Dr., Denton, Tx. 76201. We pay the postage if you send a check with your order.

Ouida says that she will henceforth drop all names from our mailing list who move without sending a change of address (include your *old* address). If the post office has to tell us that you have moved, she concludes that you could not have much interest in the paper. Too, she urges you to renew without delay if you wish to continue with us, for she must soon discard your plate and use the frame that holds it for someone else. It is a fast moving world, you know. Especially hers!

Let me urge you to "Read Restoration in 76". Nothing is more edifying than biography. Start with the biography of John T. Johnson (whose brother served as a vice-president), a congressman turned pioneer preacher under Campbell's influence. 4.50 in hardback. For only 2.65 we will send you *They Heard Him Gladly*, the story of another pioneer preacher, Benjamin Franklin. You'll learn our history best by studying the lives of those who made it.